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## THE WEEKLY ARIZONAN

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### THE HAWK'S NEST.

(Sierras.)

BY BERT HART.

We checked our pace—the red road sharply rounding:  
We heard the troubled flow  
Of the dark olive depths of pines, resounding  
A thousand feet below:

Above the tumult of the canyon lifted,  
The grey hawk breathless hung,  
Or on the hill a winged shadow drifted  
Where ferns and thorn-brush clung:

Or where, half-way, the mountain side was furrowed  
With many a seam and scar,  
Or some abandoned tunnel dimly burrowed  
A mole hill seen so far;

We looked in silence down across the distant  
Unfathomable reach.  
A silence broken by the guide's consistent  
And realistic speech:

"Walker, of Murphy's, blew a hole through  
Peters  
For telling him he lied.  
Then up and darted out of South Hornitos  
Across the long Divide.

"We ran him out of Strong's, and up through  
Eden,  
And 'cross the ford below,  
And up this mountain (Peters' brother leadin'),  
And me and Clark and Joe.

"He foun't us game; somehow, I disreem-  
ber  
Just how the thing kem round;  
Some say 'twas wadding, some a scattered um-  
ber  
From fires on the Ground.

"But in one minute all the hill below him  
Was just one sheet of flame;  
Guardin' the crest, Sam Clark and I called to  
him,  
And—well, the dog was game.

He made no sign—the fires of hell were round  
him,  
The pit of hell below.  
We sat and waited, but we never found him,  
And then we turned to go.

"And then—you see that rock that's grown so  
bristly  
With chappattel and tan—  
Suthin's creep out—it might hev been a grizzly  
It might hev been a man.—

Suthin' that howled and gnashed its teeth and  
shouted  
In smoke and dust and flame;  
Suthin' that sprang into the depths about it,  
Grizzly or man—but game!

"That's all. Well, yes, it does look rather risky,  
And kinder makes one queer  
And dizzy looking down. A drop of Whisky  
Ain't a bad thing right here!"

—Chicago Art Review.

Some music teacher once wrote that "the art of playing a violin requires the nicest perception and sensibility of any art in the known world." Upon which an editor comments in the following manner: "The art of publishing a news-paper and making it pay, and, at the same time make it please everybody, beats adding higher than a kite.

### Legend of Donner Lake.

The *Woman's Pacific Coast Journal* has the following beautiful description of Donner Lake, Cal., and gives the old Indian legend which would seem to suggest its origin:

Donner Lake may, with good taste and truth, be called the pride of California Lakes. If Lake Tahoe spread its dimensions wholly upon California soil, instead of a portion of it in Nevada, it would be a positive rival to the title, for it is the most beautiful sheet of water on the Pacific Coast. Donner Lake is situated near the towering summits of the Sierras, folded in their granite arms, amid the grandest scenery to be imagined. The Sierras around in boldest outlines, and wondrous features of sublimity; deepest pockets; most abrupt and rugged peaks, spurs and palisades, canyons, and summits; lofty and snow-crested peaks; fir and pine timbered mountain sides, reaching up, up, to impassible heights and unmeasured altitudes. In such scenes as this, far up to the very crown of the Sierra, reflecting the giant trees and neighboring mountain peaks, nestles Donner Lake.

There was an old legend, existing among the early Indians of California, who lived and died many years before the sunset land was ever heard of, and which has never been published or circulated, to this effect: The Indians living in what is now known as the Truckee Valley, quarreled with their Chief, and fought a bloody battle, bringing upon them the anger of the Great Spirit. As a punishment, he banished the leaders of the quarrel, and sent them to a certain locality over the great mountains where there was neither water nor food; but a great basin boiling with fire and lava; this place was what we call Donner Lake. The exiled Indians, after a tedious and tiresome journey over the great snow-peaks, came down to the great cauldron, or basin, which was seething and bubbling with fire, and throwing up hot stones, and cinders, and smoke continually—it so terrified the weary and hungry Indians that many of them perished—but a few who had faith in the forgiveness of their sins, prayed to their offended God to stop the smoke and the fire, and promised obedience to all his commands, if he would spare their lives. While they prayed they fell asleep, and laid all night with their dead companions, wrapped in their blankets and very weak from fatigue and hunger. In the morning they awoke and found the warm, pleasant sun dressing the hill-tops in silver and gold and the great basin that was boiling with fire and lava the night before, was not to be seen; but, in place, a beautiful lake of pure water filled with sporting fish, and reflecting the snowy peaks that surrounded it. The Indians fell down on their faces and gave thanks to the Great Spirit for his goodness—they built themselves huts and lived at peace the rest of their lives around the beautiful lake, finding plenty of fish in its waters and plenty of game in its mountains.

This is the old legend of Donner Lake, told us by a grey-haired pioneer of Nevada, who had spent much of his time among the Piute Indians, and was familiar with their stories and legends. Whether true or false it is a fact that an engineer of the Central Pacific Railroad, during its construction, sounded the lake to the depth of 1,600 feet, without finding bottom, and upon that fact was predicated the belief that the lake occupies the site of the crater of an extinct volcano. This would give a faint ray of truth to the old Indian story—leaving out the painful portion of the cause and effect—which makes the legend really interesting.

The name Donner was given it in memory of the sufferings endured on its banks by a party of emigrants, commanded by Captain Donner, who became snow bound in the Truckee Pass in 1846. Many perished from cold and hunger, and the living were obliged to eat the flesh of the dead to keep from starving. The hut where these sufferers camped was standing until a short time ago, and visited by the hundreds and thousands of persons who have made

Donner Lake a fashionable place of resort and curiosity during the last seven years. The lake is three miles long and one mile wide, small, but exquisitely beautiful.

### The Indian Question.

[From the S. D. Union.]

The recent debates in Congress on the Indian question exhibit a degree of ignorant and stupidity on the part of Eastern members which is not only inexcusable, but, in the light of the testimony which has been poured into their ears from Arizona New Mexico and the Texas frontier—positively wicked. It was with the utmost difficulty that the frontier members obtained even the grace of a hearing. Finally, the following resolution was agreed to, and it is all that Congress has conceded in behalf of the suffering people of the frontier:

Resolved, That the Committee on Military Affairs be, and is hereby, directed to report what measures are necessary to secure the better protection of the frontiers of Texas, Arizona and New Mexico from the incursions of hostile tribes of Indians; and that said committee be authorized to report at any time.

In a speech in the House, February 28, Gen. Logan, after stating his views (which we think very sound) in opposition to employment of volunteers in the Territories, made the following remarks, which are true to the letter.

If the army of the United States is not sufficiently strong to protect the frontier of our country, make it strong enough to do it. I think it is strong enough to do it. I think we have more than are absolutely necessary in the service of the country to-day, if they were properly disposed of round the borders. There is no necessity for more troops than we have.

The army is strong enough; but Government shows no inclination to make a "proper disposition of its forces. Regiments are idle in the heart of Texas, while the frontier posts are thinly garrisoned; others are sent to malarious districts in Louisiana and Florida to die of disease; and thousands of soldiers are stationed at various points in the Eastern States where there is no real use for them. At the same time, in Arizona, where the Apaches are murdering and robbing the settlers, and gradually extinguishing civilization, there are only three regiments; and a company of these troops the other day passed through this city for Benicia. If the Government really means to do anything for its citizens in Arizona this policy must be changed without delay. There should be at least ten regiments of troops sent into Arizona at once. With this force, under the command of the brave officers who understand Apache warfare thoroughly, the Indians could and would be subdued in a few months. Does the Government mean business?

### A Gubernatorial Candidate.

Among the the Candidates for Governor of California is the Hon. Philip A. Roach, one of the editors of the *San Francisco Examiner*, of whom the *San Francisco Pioneer* speaks as follows:

Last week we published the names of prominent gentlemen who are willing to accept the honors of the highest office in the State. It is our purpose to review the past of some of these gentlemen, and show what they have done to entitle them to the emoluments and glories of the position.

"The people's choice for Democratic Governor," says the late *Workingman's Journal*, "is the Hon. Philip A. Roach, an old resident of California, and a conspicuous friend of labor, enjoying, to a large extent, the confidence and respect of the producing or working classes."

There is one circumstance in the pioneer life of Mr. Roach which entitles him to the favorable consideration of the women of California, and that is: friendly to her emancipation. The law enabling married women to become sole traders, was introduced by Mr. Roach in the Legislature of 1852, and still remains on the statute books. At that early day the bill was violently opposed, on the ground that it would lead to dishonesty, and the swindling of creditors. Mr. Roach compared the business

men of California with the poor, struggling women, having large families and shiftless husbands, and who by their industry were trying to support themselves and their children—compared these with the prodigal merchants and bankers, who kept fast horses, and indulged in other extravagances, dissipation and immoral practices, in defiance of the better opinions then dawning upon the public mind. His argument prevailed; the bill passed; and for this early pioneering for woman's industrial enlargement, the author is entitled to the friendship and gratitude of all who are now interested in her moral and political advancement.

Mr. Roach is one of the proprietors of the "Examiner." That partisan sheet, while denying to woman the right of the ballot, had yet the dignity, the honesty, to make respectful mention of the late Annual Convention, and rebuked its contemporaries by declaring their reports to be coarse and ungentelemanly, displaying not only a want of decency, but a want of sense.

A pioneer in California, Mr. Roach is possessed of a large and varied experience in its public affairs. A cultured gentleman he is, of refined and pleasing manners. Liberal views and unblemished reputation; one of the few aspirants to political fame who would deern to purchase, by any means than that of merit, a seat in the Gubernatorial chair.

### The Crew of the Tennessee.

The Union League club, of Philadelphia gave a banquet to Col. M. M. Roach, on his return from San Domingo. In his address to the Club he refers to the "loss of the Tennessee" as follows:

My Dear Friends: You should be spared the tedium of any traveler's stories at this most agreeable entertainment, since it is established by a mass of evidence that no reasonable mind can dispute that the steamship Tennessee went to the bottom of the ocean with all on board, and "dead men tell no tales." Indeed I should feel greatly out of place among so many live men were it not that at a glance of these empty decanters assures me that I am in an abode of departed spirits. It may, however, interest you to know what was going on among our party when I left. When we reached the bottom we were all sea-sick. Each, however soon assumed his appropriate place in the briny deep. Ber. Wade was bound to be a leader, so he was transformed into a very large whale. The old man might be very popular, if he could only get over his Congressional habits, but the trouble is he is all the time spouting. The late President of Cornell University is a leading whiffish, and is engaged in teaching a school of—fish. He don't make much progress. He finds the same trouble he did in New York. Most of his pupils are—sheephead. Just before starting I inquired, "How about our third Commissioner?" Some one pointed out a highly old Massachusetts cod and answered, "That's how." The politicians are well, and are constantly grabbing for the latest things around. These are often to be seen crawling backward. The sailors are hard at work coal—regging. The ships money is secure; it has been locked up in a extra tin safe of—Herrings. Fred Douglass has made a great stir among the blackfish. Our interpreter has spoken long and manfully with the Spanish—mackerel. General Sigle, of course, is a—swordfish, and the Captain is doing all he can to secure the wandering eels. One of the journalists is a "captious sunfish; and do you know, there some scaly suckers and mean sponges who would like to make out that all the correspondents are in bad order because one or two of them happened to be—smelt. And gentlemen, pardon the egotism when I tell you that, though you have thought little of the *San Francisco* upon the earth, yet these—and it is indeed a proud professional distinction—there I am regarded as a first-class shark.

Never sigh over what might have been, but make the best of what is.